

HORSE SHOWS CLIMAX LAST NIGHT—GARDEN PACKED TO THE ROOF WHILE THE HORSES CAME OUT ON PARADE.

Society Was Late, but When the Boxes Filled the Great Oval Became an Impassable Sea of People.

Glorious Bonnie and Red Cloud, Distinctly the Horses of the Year, Win More Prizes in Several Classes.

Horsemen Dissatisfied with the Judging of the Breeders' Classes—Fine Tandems Shown in the Ring.

THURSDAY night in Horse Show week is always climax night, and again the present show has been true to custom.

The Garden seldom sees a bigger or more brilliant crowd than that which packed its boxes and balconies and galleries and promenades last night. Even in the topmost galleries, the little ones that are crowded up under the roof, standing room was all that could be had when the night's display reached its height.

Society came later than usual, but it came as a unit, and in the best of raiment and humor. There were throngs that made the electric lights look sickly green. "The rest of the world" had on its show clothes, too. Never seen such an array of silks, satins and flosses in the galleries. Hidden away, mere flecks of color up next to the roof garden, were costumes which would not have been out of place in the arena boxes.

Until 9 o'clock the seats of the mighty were empty—bare as a baseball ground bleachers in January. Within fifteen minutes they were filled with a marvellous mingling of colors and flashing of ornaments. Then the late comers who had no seats and a multitude of those who had crowded into the promenades, which, by 10 o'clock, was choked and impassable.

The night's display of horses was worth while, too—perhaps the best of the whole week's programme from a popular point of view. It began with a parade of all the prize winners up to date, as fine an equine panorama as any one need wish to see.

There was an admirable showing of harness horses, and then came the mounted police—forty-three of them, all told—striding the splendid bays which are the joy of every New Yorker and a marvel to all his country comrades from Syracuse, Freeport, Ill., and Indianapolis.

Nimble retainers whisked the judges' platform away from its place in the centre of the tank ring and for three-quarters of an hour the thousands stared, in a fever of admiration, the precision of which would have made any cavalry regiment in the service green with envy.

The night's display of horses was worth while, too—perhaps the best of the whole week's programme from a popular point of view. It began with a parade of all the prize winners up to date, as fine an equine panorama as any one need wish to see.

CHATTER OVER THE WALDORF SUPPERS.

They Talk of Oysters, Wine and Women, but Never of Horses.

At tables in the dining rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria the grace and the splendor of the Horse Show's fashionable visitors appeared again last evening.

"It is delightful to be here," said an impulsive foreigner seated in the corner where the chrysanthemums were pink. "See how Mrs. Moore's silhouette is delicate in the mirror, white and blue, spotted by passing shadows." The orchestra played waltzes enlivened by brilliant. Unconsciously he followed their rhythm:

"Tra, la, la, la, la, la—that is the music we need. Mrs. Moore is not pretty, but she knows how to act with the same grace as if she were. Tra, la, la, la, la, la. Center Hitecock has seven or eight guests. Mrs. Hitecock is a real beauty. Bloodgood, six; Mrs. George Beach de Forest, seven. Tra, la, la, la, la, la. The orchestra ceased the high pitch of voices astonished every one. It fell, precipitately.

"You were in chinchilla, with a skirt of gray velvet ornamented with two bands of chinchilla," a man's voice said at H. K. Bloodgood's table. "And, then, you wore chinchilla, with a skirt of gray velvet with gray feathers and a chinchilla border. Oh, your belt was of turquoises. How that decoration!"

"Aren't you a woman's friend?" "I looked well!"

"You were ideal!"

Good Claret, but—

At General Benjamin F. Tracy's table, a young man, fair, with a disadvised air, said, "They dine well at the Smiths'. Their Port-Caneet is amazing. They shouldn't write the names of their guests on pieces of pasteboard ornamented with pyramids of roses in chromolithography. But one can't do that everywhere at once."

At Ellisha Dyer's table, "You eat too many oysters, Mrs. Dyer," he replied. "I like them. I wish I had been the friend of G. Sergius Ovaia, who, in the year 350 of Rome's foundation, owned, according to Varro's Maximus, about a million oyster beds on the Lucrine Lake."

He was asked, "Why do you tell us that?" "Because it is ancient lore, because I read it this morning in a book of my grandfather's library, and because I want to use it for a toast."

At Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr.'s table one said: "He disdains your mundane preoccupations and celebrates the splendid profundity of his work in the world of his constant consciousness of the good that he is doing to the world. A feminine voice whispered, 'Give him something to drink.'"

At Center Hitecock's table one said: "It is enchanting. You row out on the lake for three miles in the moonlight. The air is blue. The pines are fragrant." A voice replied: "I obtain the same result with groundine in cocktails."

Wagner Taboerd. Y192

At J. J. Van Allen's table, "Wagner"— began a voice. Another interrupted: "Don't bother about that. Don't wander into general ideas."

The foreigner, in his corner, hummed "Tra, la, la, la, la, la." Many persons bowed assiduously to him. He noted to his guests the presence of J. H. Ullman, Mrs. F. H. Bonnell, Mrs. J. R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. A. Drexel, Jose de Navarro.

At many tables the glasses were not refilled for red wine were turned upside down at others were champagne glasses only. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was praised for her gracefulness by persons whom she could not hear. They said that she was youthful, that she was more captivating than ever.

Redhead and ruddy cheeks were the subjects of the most popular orders to Oscar. He was admirable, because his patience was angelic. Tortured with questions, he remained affable. The triumph of the Horse Show as an event of fashionable society is, in the final analysis, dependent on the great deal upon Mrs. J. H. Ullman, who, on the wrong side of the tapestry and does not see the design that he weaves. At the tables in the dining rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria they do not talk of the Horse Show.

Evans' Ale, Everywhere— Clubs, cafes, chop houses, hotels, restaurants.



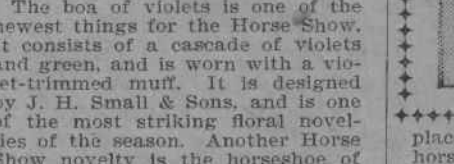
THE DREXEL CHILDREN ON PROMENADE



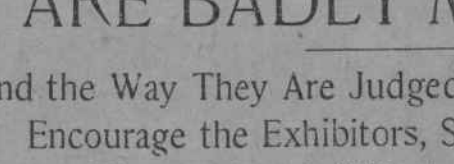
MISS EDITH COLFORD



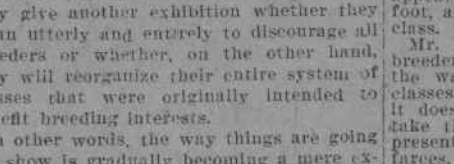
MISS EDITH COLFORD



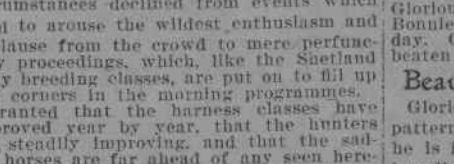
MISS EDITH COLFORD



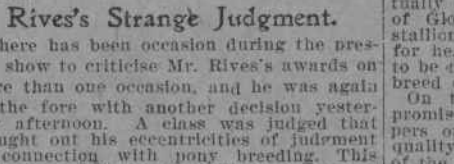
MISS EDITH COLFORD



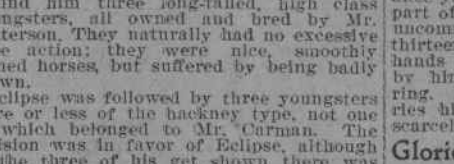
MISS EDITH COLFORD



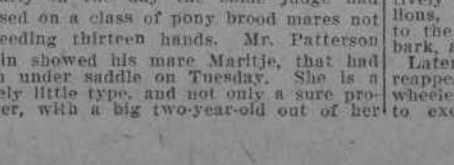
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



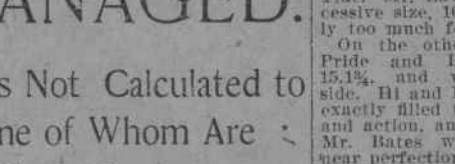
MISS EDITH COLFORD



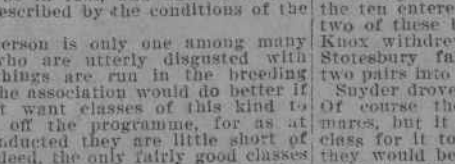
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



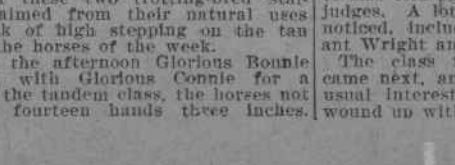
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



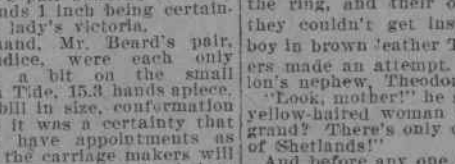
MISS EDITH COLFORD



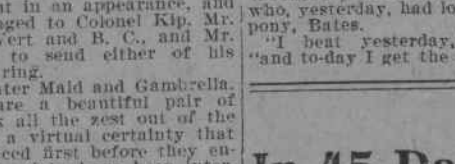
MISS EDITH COLFORD



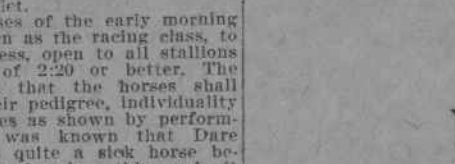
MISS EDITH COLFORD



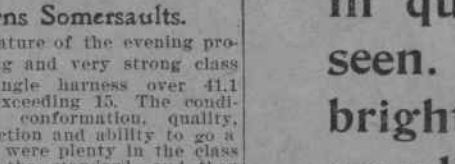
MISS EDITH COLFORD



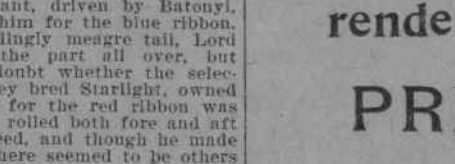
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



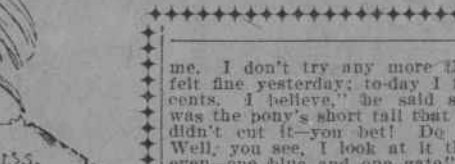
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



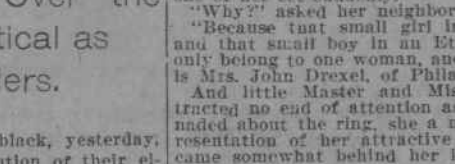
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



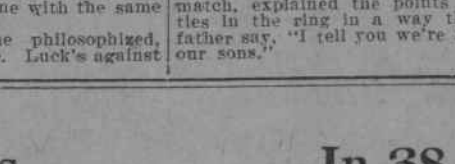
MISS EDITH COLFORD



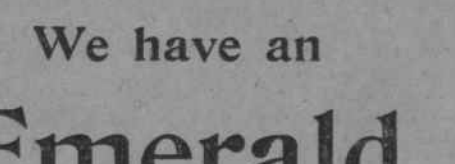
MISS EDITH COLFORD



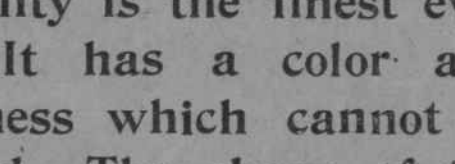
MISS EDITH COLFORD



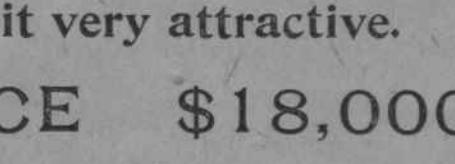
MISS EDITH COLFORD



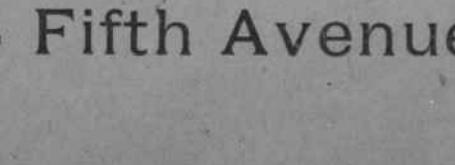
MISS EDITH COLFORD



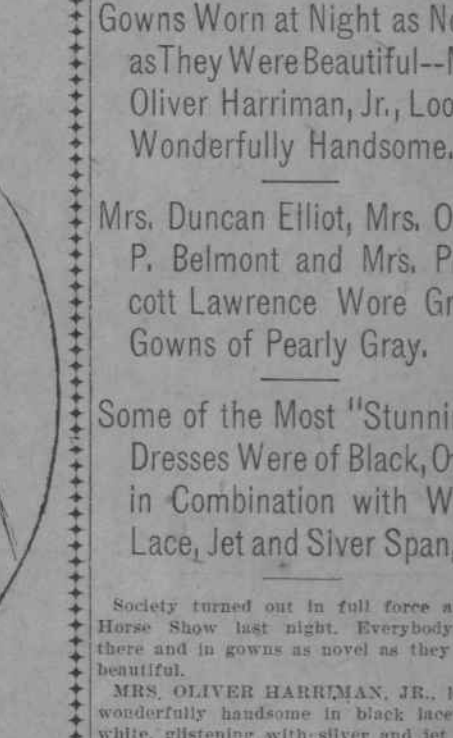
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



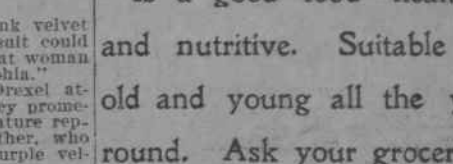
MISS EDITH COLFORD



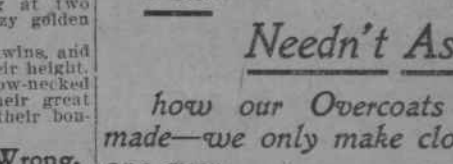
MISS EDITH COLFORD



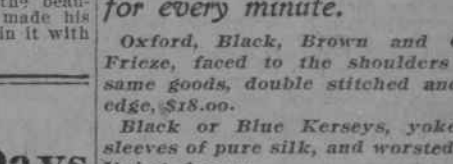
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



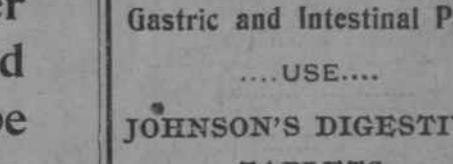
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



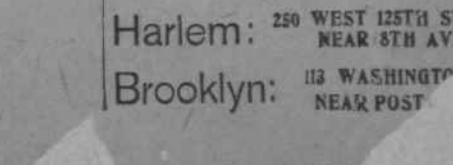
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD

Gowns Worn at Night as Novel as They Were Beautiful—Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Looked Wonderfully Handsome.

Mrs. Duncan Elliot, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence Wore Grand Gowns of Pearly Gray.

Some of the Most "Stunning" Dresses Were of Black, Often in Combination with White Lace, Jet and Silver Spangles

Society turned out in full force at the Horse Show last night. Everybody was there, and in gowns as novel as they were beautiful.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, JR., looked wonderfully handsome in black lace over white, glistening with silver and jet spangles. Her large, black picture hat of velvet was worn well down over her face.

With Mrs. Harriman were Mrs. I. Suffera, Tallor and Mrs. Duncan Elliot.

MRS. ELLIOT was in pearly gray and wore a black hat with turquoise velvet bow.

MRS. HENRY LAWRENCE BURNETT wore a large black poke bonnet tied down with black tulle, a big rosette of the latter placed under each ear. Her gown, of black cloth, had a white silk collar and trim trimmed with lace.

MRS. B. BRAMHALL GILBERT, who was with Mrs. Burnett, was dressed in white cloth trimmed with jet and wore a black hat.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL'S gown was of black lace over white, and her hat carried out the same idea.

MRS. J. LEE TALLOR was in black velvet made with a deep poke of crepe. She wore a black velvet hat trimmed with white feathers.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER was all in black, black crepe gown and tulle hat. At her belt she wore a diamond heart pin and around her neck a string of pearls.

MRS. ELLIOT, T. GERRY and her daughters occupied the box, and had Miss Daisy Post with them. Mrs. Gerry was gowned in black velvet, jetted, and wore a small black bonnet.

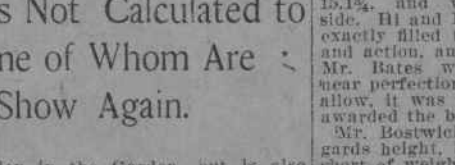
Some Children Prominent at the Show.



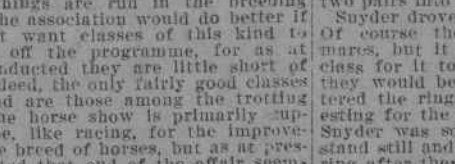
MISS EDITH COLFORD



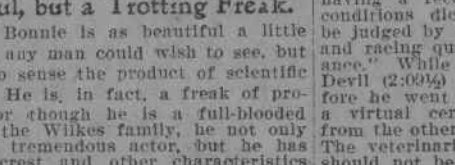
MISS EDITH COLFORD



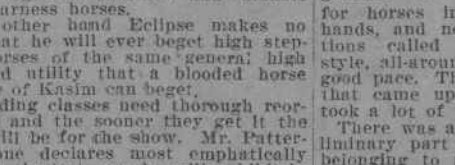
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



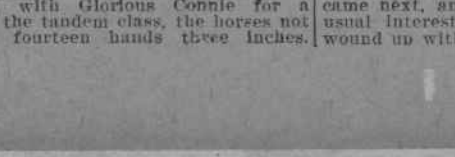
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



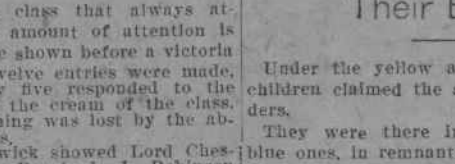
MISS EDITH COLFORD



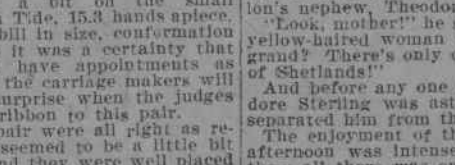
MISS EDITH COLFORD



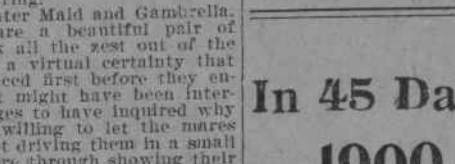
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



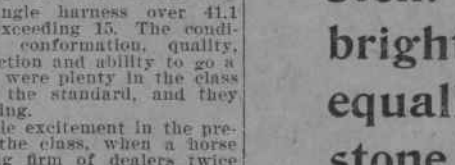
MISS EDITH COLFORD



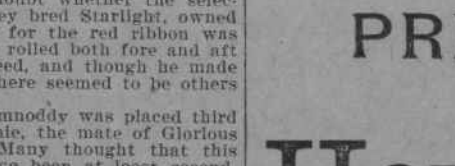
MISS EDITH COLFORD



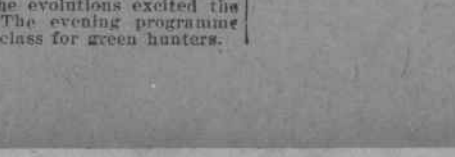
MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD



MISS EDITH COLFORD

